

gave us preliminary instruction, and I learned that after I had written 'jump' on the blackboard, and printed it, and spelled it, I was to stand up on the platform and jump, as an illustration, I felt that the last straw had been placed on the camel's back. Maybe I had been breaking, gradually. Anyway, I have saved a little money, and I decided to come back to Enterprise to rest. It may be by the time I am rested they will have returned to the old methods, as they have in writing, and I can begin over again."

She said this resolutely, but the county superintendent was nevertheless emboldened to put the question that had for years been trembling on his lips, and Miss Petrie accepted him with a smile of satisfaction.

"I have loved you all this time," he said, "and I am sure I can make you happy. I, too, have my troubles. The examinations are becoming so severe that it is very difficult to answer the questions. You have got to use your reason these days, and work out psychological problems even in arithmetic and grammar, while the geography and history examinations are all taken out of the newspapers. 'When was Tolstoi banished?' 'Write a brief biography of Aguinardo;' 'How old is Queen Wilhelmina?' 'Give the population of Luzon.' I certainly need a helpmate, and with your advantages you can be of great assistance to me in grading the papers."

Miss Petrie smiled a wintry smile. Even in Cupid's toils she was not altogether to escape from the new education.

*Kate Milner Rabb.*

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## LOSS.

WHO that hath lost some dear-belovèd friend  
 But knoweth how — when the wild grief is spent  
 That tore his soul with agony, and did lend  
 E'en to the splendor-beaming firmament  
 The blighting darkness of his shadowed heart —  
 There surely follows peace and quiet sorrow  
 That lead his spirit, by divinest art,  
 Past the drear present to that glorious morrow  
 Where parting is not, neither grief nor fear!  
 But how shall he find comfort, who sees die,  
 Not the one presence that he held most dear;  
 But from his heart a hope as Heaven high,  
 And from his life a wish as Truth sublime,  
 And from his soul a love that mocked at Time?

*Hildegarde Hawthorne.*

## RACE PREJUDICE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

WE Americans like to call ourselves the most democratic people on earth, but the boast requires extensive qualification before it can be made applicable to our social habits. Every one recognizes the all-exclusiveness with us of the term "white man." Nor should "white" be emphasized rather than "man;" the phrase might properly be written as a hyphenated noun. Whether fetic or philosophy, it predicates to us the highest common multiple of intelligence and virtue. We make it our synonym for "civilization."

Nor is this merely an indication of our share in that theory of racial superiority which talks responsibility and thinks in terms of commercial supremacy. Americans are not proof against the flattering unction of a doctrine which sings Christianity while it means inequality. But until recently we have been comparatively untouched by this contagion, have, in fact, rather been inclined to adopt a cynical attitude with reference to it. Our social prejudices have been provincial. Excuses are readily to be found for a people so sorely tried as we have been by the negro problem. Mere intolerance of color, however, is much less noticeable than unreasoning and unrestrained impatience with any and all who do not at once acknowledge the superiority of our institutions and customs, and hasten to adopt them. We are proud of our reputation as an asylum of the oppressed, and yet it may be doubted if we should have been so tolerant of immigration from Europe had the immigrants been less ready of assimilation. Here, to be sure, prejudice may create a natural and proper national safeguard; yet, in spite of the fact that as a people we are only a blend, the native American, be his nativity but two generations strong, has for his neighbor of another country a sort of pity that es-

capes being ignorant prejudice only by its real kindliness.

Our provincial assumption of superiority has been ridiculed by Mr. Kipling, but it is different in degree only, and not in kind, from that which, as the white man's poet, he exploits. There is no difference in quality between the pharisaism of a rustic and the pharisaism of a world power.

Many people find in our occupation of the Philippine Islands the threat of a radical change in American character and ideals. Even if we look only on the evil side of things, it is hard to see how American character and social ideas can thus be radically altered. That it is a step of transcendent importance, involving new and various political difficulties, is true. But it draws us into a field in which ultimately our prejudices may broaden out, and in which our provincialisms must disappear.

Meanwhile, however, it must be admitted, the prospect of such beneficent results seems spoiled by two untoward phases of our new venture: we have carried into the Philippines a petty race prejudice, the offspring of past provincialism and the inheritance of slavery with its residue of unsettled problems; and we are betraying a tendency to swagger under the "white man's burden," sometimes in the garb of commercialism, sometimes in the raiment of science.

As might be expected, the petty prejudices are first to exhibit themselves, and are also, just at present, the more serious obstacles to a general good understanding in the Philippines. Relying upon the common sense of the reader not to draw any hysterical conclusions of general "oppression" in the Philippines, it may be worth while to cite instances and facts to show how race prejudice has been doing us harm in the islands. Only

instances for which I can personally vouch will be employed.

That the color line would be drawn by some Americans who had to do with affairs in the islands could readily have been predicted. The extent to which it has been held in veneration is, however, far from complimentary either to the intelligence and general information or to the breadth and charity of Americans. This tendency to shy at a darker skin, no matter who or what the wearer, is doubtless a minor reason for English cynicism at our talk of Philippine self-government. But we need not go to India, nor learn that there are dark-skinned branches of the Caucasian family, to appreciate how small is the significance of color alone in connection with mankind. Without in the least justifying the prejudice against the negroes in the United States, what possible excuse does that afford for proceeding on the "nigger" theory among a people largely Malayan? The typical Filipino is every whit as distinct from the Negro as he is from the European. Yet it is the usual thing among Americans who have been in the Philippines, and imbibed a contempt or dislike for the people, to betray in their conversation the fact that their theories of the situation are based upon popular notions at home as to negro shortcomings and incapacity. They prejudge the people before they have even seen them, and they come away without ever having made a single honest effort to find out what they really are like.

Before the arrival of the second Philippine Commission at Manila and the inauguration by Judge Taft and its other members of social gatherings in which the natives were in the majority, practically nothing had been done in the way of providing an informal meeting ground for representative Filipinos and Americans. The first Philippine Commission had given a ball in 1899, which was a landmark for Filipino matrons and belles in their discussions and misappre-

hensions as to what Americans were like socially. With two or three very notable exceptions, officers whose wives had joined them did not think of meeting any residents but some of the wealthy Spanish "left-overs" on anything like terms of social equality. Eight months after Judge Taft and his colleagues had begun a new policy in this respect, General MacArthur gave a distinctly successful reception in the governor's palace in Malacañan. Of course, it is not intended to imply that it was incumbent upon army officers to incur the expense and trouble incident to such affairs, nor that those charged with the burden of military administration in the islands could or should have spared time in the midst of active fighting to inaugurate a social campaign in Manila. What it is desired to point out is that some cultivation of the social amenities, some willingness to meet the natives halfway, was quite worth the while. When it is considered that there are in Manila many wealthy and well-educated mestizos, some of whom have polished their minds and manners in Madrid and Paris, who hold themselves quite as good as any man, and who, in fact, were imbued with some of the Latin-European contempt for Americans as uncultured money-makers, the folly of such aloofness is doubly evident. That most of this class had formerly sought to identify themselves socially with the Spaniards, and had been virtually of the Spanish contingent, did not alter the fact that nearly all had their following among the people; nor did our knowledge of their contributions to the insurgent cause, whether made voluntarily or through prudence, render it either politic or patriotic to assume an air of superiority.

Force of circumstances has from the first, through the necessarily closer contact and the lack of other society, brought about more social mingling in the provincial towns. In general, however, the attitude of the army women in the

islands is typified by that one in Manila who, in discussing affairs in her first call on the wife of a member of the Commission, exclaimed in horror: "Why, surely you don't propose to visit these people and invite them to your own home just the same as you would white people!" Time has perhaps brought a little more catholicity, at any rate the custom of entertaining natives has come to be received without a shock; but few army women in Manila have Filipinas on their calling list, and in the provinces they often take it on themselves to caution American women sent out as teachers against mingling with the people of their towns. This attitude is also that of the great majority of officers in the army, though the men, like men everywhere, are less formal about a social rule and less rigid in their likes and dislikes of persons.

An instance of this attitude was the attempt to exclude from the Woman's Hospital at Manila (founded by a donation of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid) all Filipinos as patients, as well as to keep off the list of patronesses the names of Filipino women. At about the same time the board of ladies to whose energy the American Library of Manila was due asked to have it made a public library, to be helped out by funds from the Philippine treasury, and made very strenuous protests against having it also thrown open to Filipinos for a share in its management and use. They contended that it had been established as a monument to American soldiers who lost their lives in the Philippines, and that it was unfitting that Filipinos should have anything to do with it, though Philippine taxes might support it.

At a ball given to various American authorities by the native residents of a provincial capital, an American officer stopped the band after it began a dance at the direction of the Filipino who was master of ceremonies, and ordered it to start a two-step. When interrogated, he

announced that the military were in command of that town, thus insulting the Filipino who had charge of affairs, and incidentally also a number of American ladies whose partners had brought them on the floor for the Philippine quadrille. The American officer was a graduate of one of our leading universities, and formerly occupied a responsible position in one of the largest American cities. The Filipino, as perhaps the officer knew, had finished his education in Madrid and Paris, had resided for some years in the latter city, had published a number of scientific treatises, and was a member of various learned societies of Europe.

This and the other instances do not, of course, reveal a prejudice grounded entirely on color, yet this is the chief factor. It may be worth while remarking that, judging by one man's personal observation, this attitude of contempt is less noticeable among officers from the South than among those from the North. Doubtless this is due to their having had closer contact with people of another color, and to a greater tolerance through the staling of custom, although the conviction of the other's inferiority may yet be deeper bred.

On the other hand, an experience to be remembered was hearing some Southern as well as Northern officers rate the Filipino higher than the American negro, greatly to the indignation of a colored chaplain of the army who overheard them. And these officers were rather more tolerant of the presence among the 'first-class passengers of an army transport of a Filipino mestizo from the Visayan islands than of the same chaplain, who was finally given a seat by himself because some very important young lieutenants would not sit next him.

Something more than mere color prejudice must be invoked to explain the actions of a major who put sentries out under unprecedentedly strict orders in the capital of a province where civil government had lately been established, and

then backed them against the civil authorities in overriding the rights of natives and in shooting down a peaceable citizen in the streets. Again, an ex-insurgent general, whom many of our officers denounced as having been responsible for assassinations by the men under him, was set at liberty by General Chaffee, but a young lieutenant who happened at the time to be in command of the military prison where he was confined ignored the order of release till compelled by appeal to recognize it. Meanwhile he set the ex-insurgent officer, a man of standing and education, to cleaning out stables. One has to appeal to a strain of meanness and to a brutal pleasure in the exercise of the power over one's fellows that circumstances have temporarily conferred, to explain these and similar instances. The details of the China campaign, not really well known, show how such instances might be multiplied, and our national pride suffers when we find that, after all, they were not all confined to Russians, Germans, and Frenchmen.

The writer was one of a group of American civilians halted in the street of a Philippine town by an ugly sentinel and ordered, in gruff terms at the bayonet's point, to salute a minute American flag on the top of a fifty-foot pole. Not one, of course, had seen it. The pole had purposely been set some hundreds of feet from the barracks, almost in the street itself, and the order was enforced against every one who passed. A protest to the officer in command, a gray-haired captain, brought the reply that he was "teaching the niggers a lesson." This province was a leader in the revolt against Spain, first because of the friars, and second because of the abuses suffered at the hands of the Spanish civil guard. One need not add that the hatred felt toward our troops is intense. One of our young officers there had acquired the genial habit of imbibing to the point of mischief, then ordering out a corporal's guard and raiding Filipino

houses at all hours of the night. He finally raided the house where the Filipino judge of that circuit was staying, which put an end to this particular form of amusement for him. When this same judge, a Filipino educated in Paris, of unusually solid character and attainments, opened court in this town, the provincial capital, he was obliged to begin by requesting that an American officer — not a youngster either — remove his hat from his head and his feet from the table. The province is under civil government, and the officer took this means of expressing his contempt of the civil government idea in general and of this Filipino's court in particular. No fighting has occurred in the province for some months, yet so sure were high military authorities of trouble brewing that they saw rifles in their sleep, and the Chinese rival in business of an ex-insurgent officer was able to get him into jail by dropping in the street a letter purporting to contain the latter's plans for an uprising. This method of denunciation of one's enemies became very common after Spain began her deportations on suspicion.

The ex-insurgent-appointed governor of a neighboring province did not see fit to salute the officers of the garrison in a town under his jurisdiction, and the latter started a newspaper campaign against him in Manila, charging him with all sorts of treachery and plotting. Similarly, the garrisoning force at Cebú was put in such a state of mind by the restoration of civil control there that even the privates felt called upon to stop the officers of the native police in the streets and make them salute. Abuses of a rather more serious nature led a Spanish newspaper in Manila to recall to the Americans that the people of Cebú never really turned against Spain until the latter power had let some Moro troops loose in their streets to run things to their liking.

These instances do not afford ground

for a general indictment of the army in the Philippines. Like other organizations, the army has its share of all sorts of men; and, were it in point here, the testimony of various Filipinos themselves to utterly unexpected generosity at the hands of officers and privates, and examples of unselfish efforts to get into touch with the people and to better their condition, could readily be adduced. Recent revelations have focused attention on the conduct of the army in the Philippines, and some have tried to make out that downright brutality was the rule of campaign there. Cases of actual inhumanity have been, I am convinced, the exceptional ones. It must be admitted, however, by any one who really knows things as they now are in the islands, that at least three fourths of the army, rank and file, entertain a more or less violent dislike for the Filipinos and a contempt for their capacity, moral and intellectual. This feeling in the army has grown during the past two years. Perhaps it may be dated back to the early days of 1900, when guerrilla warfare had begun, and our troops had to contend with ambushes and a foe who was an excellent masquerader, and who practiced the art of assassination on his own fellow countrymen in forms of the most refined cruelty. The American soldier has something of the mediæval warrior's love of an out and out, decisive test of strength, and wants his opponent to come out into the open and slay or be slain. He is disposed to underrate the bravery and the capacity of a foe whose very circumstances drove him to employ methods which nature and his talents gave him, while secret assassination can find excuse with none of us.

Then, too, the loss of power through the merging of military into civil government has increased the hostility of narrow-minded army officers to the native. The atmosphere of army life is undemocratic. It was sometimes amazing to find how large some ordinary American citizens could become in their own eyes,

when, thousands of miles from home, they gained absolute control over five to twenty thousand or more people, with no white man at hand who could venture to question their dictates. Such men — and some were in high place and some in low — let go of a newly tasted power with ill grace, and promptly became convinced that civil government was a mistake. One present in the Philippines during this transfer of governing power could see a bitterness against the natives crop out that had not been expressed, and often not felt before.

This contempt and ill feeling grew apace, as one following the American press of Manila could note, until many would not concede to the native the possession of a single good quality. Officers stationed in pacified provinces might often have been judged by their actions as being really desirous of provoking another outbreak, while in the main their conduct was due to mere thoughtless prejudice, spurred into activity by the constant iteration in the mouths of all around them of charges against the native inhabitants. An illustrative case is that of a young lieutenant, whom I once overheard telling an American lady how he and a fellow officer used to go up and down the streets of a Cavite town shooting water buckets out of the hands of startled natives and otherwise keeping up revolver practice. It was done to "keep the gugus in a proper frame of mind," he commented. This was in a province for some time pacified, and in a garrison where time doubtless hung rather heavy. Yet subsequent conversation with this officer revealed that he had no deep-seated prejudice, despite an ugly bolo wound he carried, but was thoughtlessly classing all Filipinos together as bad, incapable, and in general not much entitled to consideration.

This is not the attitude solely of the army, though it is the attitude of a majority in the army. American civilians, both those in the employ of the civil govern-

ment and the smaller element not so employed, often feel the same. Naturally, as the success of the civil government must rest upon conciliation, while in the last resort military success always depends upon force, the employees of the civil government are obliged to consult native feelings and native interests, no matter what may be their personal prejudices. But among the subordinates one finds petty prejudice cropping out in many different ways, such as striding majestically along the middle of a crowded sidewalk and shoving natives right and left, while violent and ill-considered opinions are often expressed.

Allusion has been made to the attitude of the American press in Manila. Two of the three American dailies there are characterized by intemperance and indecency of expression and a general cheapness. They are the mouthpieces of an element which loudly proclaims that it represents American commercial interests in the Orient. It is hardly necessary to say that, while there are a few very praiseworthy pioneers of our industry in the Philippines, really substantial business interests have very generally held aloof, because of active insurrection, and because Senator Hoar's amendments to the "Spooner Bill" postponed investments of capital until Congress had taken further action. But adventurers, army camp-followers, schemers, and shyster lawyers have of course not been held back by any such considerations. With no desire to belittle the few who are honestly seeking a foothold there, and who do us credit, it is nevertheless true — could not, in fact, be otherwise under the circumstances — that the great bulk of Philippine business remains in the hands of the Spanish, British, and other European firms. Some American firms there, which rejoice in high-sounding names as commercial companies, have headquarters greatly resembling "sample rooms," and their stock, other than liquid goods, is largely carried in

catalogues. Beer-agents often "roll high" in Manila, and assume a dignity and importance as "captains of industry" that would merely be amusing were it not that newspapers backed by them and others of like faith pose before the natives as representative of Americans and American sentiment. They furnish the Spanish journalists of Manila, who, almost without exception, are eager to do us mischief, with many a text for insinuating columns about "exploitation," the fear of which is very present with the Filipino.

Loud talk of patriotism and the flag characterizes this element, and the motto "America for Americans" also signifies to them "the Philippines for Americans." Quite naturally, a policy which consults principally the interests of the Filipinos is not to their liking. This is the real reason for the attacks on Señors Tavera and Legarda, two of the three Filipinos who were added to the Philippine Commission in September last, these calumniations being based on the charges of a Spanish journalist since convicted of libel. Commissioner Luzuriaga has so far escaped the mud-slinging, as he was drafted into service from Negros, and had not been entangled in affairs at the capital.

Attacks on the natives constantly grew in bitterness last fall. The massacre in Samar afforded excuse for all sorts of rumors and even circumstantial accusations of revolts in Manila itself, in its environs, and in some of the pacified provinces. Sometimes these were merely the product of reportorial invention and lack of copy; in other cases, they could be traced to an attack of hysteria on the part of some army or constabulary subordinate. A fearful "Katipunan rising" in Tarlac, which occupied Manila papers for several days, and which reached the United States as dignified cable news, resolved itself upon investigation into a lovers' quarrel. A Filipino maiden whose favors had been

transferred to an American sergeant was called to account by her former lover, a native, and she denounced him to the sergeant as connected with a big revolt. Arrests were prompt, and the story grew in size and details every mile of the way to Manila.

The meetings of the Federal party in Manila for the purpose of drawing up a petition to Congress were at times amusingly turbulent, but they were grossly misreported with a view to comment on the ridiculousness of conferring any degree of self-government upon the Filipinos. A press but lately freed from the censorship of an army officer began to cry for the restoration of military government and a "thorough" policy, by which, apparently, they meant a policy of extermination. Typical of these almost daily outbreaks are these quotations from a Manila Freedom editorial of last October:—

"Every Filipino is an insurgent at heart, and every Filipino hates the Americans if the truth was known. They take our money, and they smile to our faces, but in their hearts they have no use for us or our government. Incapable of gratitude, they view our generosity in the light of a weakness, and at the first favorable moment betray the trust reposed in them. We deny that there are Filipinos who favor us, or who appreciate what we have done or wish to do for them."

The Spanish editors always see to it that the reading Filipinos do not miss such things for want of a translation. They have inspired frequent indignant protests from the Filipino press and the demand that loyalty be met with loyalty. These instances may help to shed light on the passage of the libel and sedition laws in Manila. It must be remembered that there is no such organized public opinion to deal with newspaper extravagances in the Philippines as with us at home, while these American papers are taken much more seriously

by the Filipinos than by Americans. As bearing on the reason for enacting a sedition law, it is to be noted that the Philippine government has invoked this law so far only against American editors in Manila. In the month of March last, vituperation of the natives on the part of two American publications exceeded even anything said last fall.

Race prejudice, like any other prejudice, cannot, simply as such, be logically explained. Even its defenders admit this when they appeal to "an innate sense of superiority," or preach of "the limits assigned by God to the different tribes of men." Gentlemen who would scorn to admit being bound to the ancient and outgrown Jewish system of political philosophy are often very glib with such phrases. But when race prejudice descends from its pedestal of supernaturalism and seeks to 'justify itself by human argument, it subjects itself to ordinary rules of logic.

Attacks on the character of the native are usually made the basis of the white man's plea in the Philippines. For this purpose the natives are all treated as identical in kind and character, grouped into one, as it were. Upon such a hypothesis one can argue that, because one native known to him was deficient morally and seemed incapable mentally, therefore the Filipinos are a dishonest and inefficient race. But thus baldly stated, the proposition seems too ridiculous to emanate from any educated person; yet it is remarkable how commonly it is set forth by persons who consider themselves very well educated. We all know how indignant we become when a European writer of short experience among us proceeds to cut one suit of clothes to fit us all; yet the Filipinos are hardly a more homogeneous people than we, and there are just as strongly marked individual types in the East as in the West.

I do not seek to gloss over Filipino defects. No one who knows them as



they really are to-day will undertake the task of deification. It is a great pity that there is no real translation into English of Rizal's novels, *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo*. The idea is prevalent that Rizal was a political revolutionist. On the other hand, the primary object of his books was to exhibit to his own countrymen their shortcomings. No such exposition of the character and conditions of the Filipinos, truthful yet sympathetic, can be obtained elsewhere.

Though awake to their failings, yet Rizal, from the heights of his German university training and his contact with European civilization, did not look down on his people as "savages with a thin veneer of civilization," as one of our Congressmen very considerably pronounced them to be to their faces. A product of wider opportunities himself, Rizal believed in wider opportunities for all his countrymen. The "savages" contention has had of late some very ardent advocates among the Spanish friars, though the early missionaries of the very orders that now turn and rend the Filipino people have left much detailed testimony to show that their charges were by no means savages when the Spaniards first came that way. To get at the truth as to the state of civilization of the Filipinos at the time of the Spanish conquest one must carefully weigh the evidences of an accumulation of mainly useless and unreliable documents, and the history of the Philippines has yet to be written in the modern spirit; but it is sufficient for this discussion to say that there is no place for the notion that the Filipinos are savages held in check by religious awe and superstition. Here, as throughout the discussion, no reference is had to the Moros, the Indonesian hill tribes of Mindanao, or the mountain wild people of Luzón and a few other islands. The Negritos remaining are a negligible quantity.

There are cruelty and indifference to

suffering, often to a shocking degree. These are due to an ever present fatalism, which the little real religious teaching the people have received has built upon rather than sought to eliminate, and to the absolute lack of an appeal to, or of an attempt to educate, higher feelings. If it is to be assumed at the outset that these people are forever incapable of such higher feelings, then it ought also to have been assumed that they were incapable of Christianity. Water torture, which has in some cases been resorted to on our side, is one of the forms of torture to which these people are accustomed. The list of victims buried alive by order of guerrilla chiefs, the maiming, mutilations, and secret assassinations certainly make up an appalling and shocking chapter. War stirs up the darkest passions among the most advanced peoples, however, and it was in a degree to be expected that a people untrained in modern international usages, and never in the past treated as though they belonged to the brotherhood of man, or were responsible to humanity for humaneness, would not exhibit an entirely refined code of slaying. The "ethics of warfare,"—after all, is that not a rather paradoxical phrase?

That instances of real brutality on the part of our troops have been the exception has been stated to be the opinion of the writer. On the confession of the officer who conducted it, the campaign in the island of Samar from October to March last must be excepted from this general statement. He has met the charge of violating the rules of civilized warfare with the counter-charge that the people of Samar are savages, and that it was necessary to suspend many of these rules in order to restore peace and quiet to that part of the archipelago. By inference, it then became a war of extermination till one side or the other should cry quits. It is hard to deal with this matter as yet in a strictly impartial spirit, and full knowledge is one of the

first requisites. One thing can at least be asserted, namely, that the classification of all the people of Sámar in one lump as savages will bear close scrutiny. How differentiate the bulk of them, living in Christianized towns on the coasts or up some of the more important rivers, from their close neighbors and kinsmen in the island of Leyte? The rough and mountainous character of much of the interior of Sámar, with its primitive wild people and a proportion of "Remontados" (as the friars denominated those who refused Christianity, who became fugitives from the law, or who, for other reasons, "remounted" the hills), must, of course, be taken into account. But the people of the towns were, at least in the main, those who were engaged against us. The statement that the Spanish friars and officials never got any foothold in Sámar is utterly without foundation, while yet their failure to penetrate the interior has been noted.

This much may be said with certitude of the Sámar campaign of General Jacob Smith: The expeditions which went down there from Manila, on the heels of the Balangiga massacre, went in a spirit of revenge. No one who appreciated how that massacre caused those in all the islands who wished us ill to exult and to lift their heads again will underestimate the importance of having just retribution dealt promptly to the offenders; but to make no distinction between friend and foe, and to voice the cry of blood for blood's sake, — "an eye for an eye," not discriminating whose, — was to lower ourselves to the plane of those wretches who treacherously slew our men at Balangiga. The writer has not the first-hand knowledge to enable him to assert that indiscriminate slaughtering took place in Sámar; but he was assured by the representative of one of our leading newspapers, who was there during October and November, that there was "no regard for friend or foe," and he remembers the unofficial statements in Manila

papers of those months that the orders were out to "take no prisoners" and to "spare only women and children," while the recrudescence at that time of native hatred in Manila and throughout the islands has been noted above. The people of Leyte, neighboring island to Sámar, and the officers of Leyte's civil provincial government, both Americans and Filipinos, were sorely tried at the time by the arbitrary actions of General Smith and the men under him. All natives came in for condemnation just then, and officers of the American army behaved in peaceful Leyte in most lawless disregard of law established by authority of the President, their commander in chief.

For General Smith, it can at least be said that he was logical. The Sámar campaign represents the military view of the natives and the military theory as to rule over them carried to their legitimate extreme. Yet, again it must be said that this campaign is to be treated by itself, and the belief reiterated that, on the whole, inhumane conduct has been the exception. No one who knows the two men, or the circumstances of the campaigns, will think of putting General James F. Bell's reconcentration and similar measures in Batangas and Laguna side by side with the conduct of affairs in Sámar.

This digression as to matters of recent controversy will have been worth while if it shall serve to induce to a saner consideration of army conduct in the islands, and if it shall also emphasize the fact that the generally contemptuous attitude of army men and other Americans toward the natives — that feeling which gives itself vent in the term "niggers" — is what does us greatest harm. The Filipinos have grown, by hard experience, somewhat callous to measures that seem to us extreme, if not actually brutal. We do not make enemies for ourselves half so much by the occasional administration of the water cure or other

forms of torture and barbarity as by a studied attitude of contempt, an assumption of racial and individual superiority, and the constant disregard of their petty personal rights and of the little amenities which count for so much with them. Nor is it true that the water cure has been very commonly applied, nor that our officers and men are, as a body, given to that sort of thing. The recent riot of exaggeration was regrettable, in this: that it has tended to produce a reaction, to lead people to feel that it was all, not partly, partisan hue and cry, and thus to make easier a "whitewash" of those particular men who need punishment, wherever, in the circles of their fellow subordinate officers, there may be a disposition to whitewash.

Lack of capacity to develop mentally is a frequent charge against the Filipinos. It is forever put forward by friar writers; one comes to believe finally that this is to excuse the failure to advance the natives further. Just how deficient the past education of the Filipinos has been, just how narrow and mediæval has been the atmosphere of thought, one cannot realize until he has come into direct contact with its evidences. Often the best educated Filipinos cannot themselves realize it. The fact is, no one has the right gratuitously to assume that the Filipino is purely imitative, that he lacks the logical, mathematical qualities of mind, and that, while bright when young, he soon reaches his limit and can go no farther. He is entitled to an honest trial, and the entire deficiency of past instruction is summed up when it is said that he has never yet had it. Pending a thorough trial of the new system of education, beginning, as it does, at the bottom and working up gradually, no one has the right to be positive as to the capacity or incapacity of the Filipino. I have in mind one Filipino who, though in other lines exhibiting perfectly his Manila college training in circumlocution and scholastic chop-logic, will, on

economic matters within his scope, reason as closely and with as great a devotion to practical examples as any devotee of the research method. He certainly never got this quality from his training. In fact, real acquaintance with Filipinos and frank exchange of sentiments will correct various preconceived notions. It is frequently asserted, for instance, that the Tagalog has no sense of humor; quite the reverse is true.

We should also be honest with the Filipino in the matter of laziness. American "get-up-and-get" is not the product of life in the tropics, and to a considerable extent is not compatible with it. But, before American contractors are allowed to flood the islands with contract coolie labor, the Filipino has a right to a fair trial, and such a fair trial will involve a considerable number of years. Development of the country may not be quite so rapid, but it will proceed on a sounder basis if the rights of its people to the first share in it are consulted. In fact, the success of our political venture in the Philippines depends in large measure on the extent to which we can arouse in the people a desire for better homes, better towns, and better surroundings. There are evidences that, as he awakened to European civilization, the Filipino did not settle back idle wholly through the lack of a desire for greater comforts and conveniences, but in part at least because of the all but hopelessness of an effort to rise above a certain place in the hard and fast industrial society the Spaniards found and continued. So far higher wages in Manila have generally meant patent leathers and diamonds, but even that is encouraging. Perhaps, too, we shall learn some things to our advantage from the Filipino. Ordinarily our superior in courtesy, something for which many Americans have not the time, why may he not inspire in us a greater respect for repose, dignity, and lack of nervousness while we are arousing him to a rather more strenuous existence?

Filth and unsanitary ways of living, again, are urged against the Filipinos. They are certainly not unclean by nature, as the daily bath and the scrupulously white clothes testify. Ignorance of the most primary hygienic principles is, however, nearly universal. It will be recalled that the Spaniards, so far behind in this respect, could give them little modern teaching or example. The general character of the education at the friar-conducted college in Manila, which turned out practically all the physicians in the Philippines, may be inferred from such facts as that its text-books and library in important subjects date back over sixty years, that bacteriology has been introduced only within the past three years, and there are no microscopes. Female cadavers are never dissected, while the course in anatomy, like most of the others, is very much of a farce.

Honest differences of opinion may exist as to the points already discussed, but there can be no honest objection to giving the Filipinos the benefit of the doubt until they prove themselves undeserving. Perhaps no public utterance of the late President has received less general attention than his instructions of April 7, 1900, to the present Philippine Commission. Yet, as time goes by, it will not be strange if the fame of William McKinley shall rest mainly on that document, whether penned by him or penned by Secretary Root and authorized by him. In it he said:—

“In all forms of government and administrative provisions which they are authorized to prescribe, the Commission should bear in mind that the government which they are establishing is designed not for our satisfaction or for the expression of our theoretical views, but for the happiness, peace, and prosperity of the people of the Philippine Islands, and the measures adopted should be made to conform to their customs, their habits, and even their prejudices, to the fullest extent consistent with the accomplish-

ment of the indispensable requisites of just and effective government.”

And again: “Upon all officers and employees of the United States, both civil and military, should be impressed a sense of duty to observe not merely the material but the personal and social rights of the people of the islands, and to treat them with the same courtesy and respect for their personal dignity which the people of the United States are accustomed to require from each other.”

These instructions are based on the belief that it is not the white man alone who possesses “certain inalienable rights.” Science has progressed far since the human rights movement of the eighteenth century. But it has not reached its final postulates, and it is still somewhat safer to follow the promptings of humanity than some of the over-positive dicta of the science of man. Like political economy and other non-absolute sciences, ethnology suffers from a present tendency to employ the evolutionary method of reasoning in a one-sided fashion. Heredity is invoked wherever possible, and environment considered only where it cannot be overlooked. If the equality of man was often preached in fantastic or utopian form in the latter part of the eighteenth century, so has the inequality of man met with a most superficial extension in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Ethnology and anthropology are sciences yet too young and undeveloped to justify very positive assertions being based on them. Moreover, if any one great truth has been made evident by them, it is this, that man has in all ages been wonderfully responsive to his surroundings, that he is to a remarkable degree the product of his environment. Physically, men, of all colors, the world over, are of one species; in psychic equipment, in all that goes to make up social life, the various divisions of men often present differences as great as the physical differ-

ences on which genera or even families are outlined among other animals. Evolutionary science developed its processes in connection with facts and features essentially physical; entrancing as the results may be, is it necessarily certain that these processes should be applied literally and in detail to phenomena of other sorts?

It is wearisome to note how uniformly writers on the peoples of the Orient assume that they are inherently different from us in every respect, — that the ordinary Western ways of reasoning have no place in the East, must in fact be reversed. The familiar saying that the Chinese do everything backward is in point. Now, John seems to me one of the most unsparingly logical human beings in the world. Kipling's jingles are responsible for much of that feeling that the Oriental is a wholly mysterious being, not given to be understood by other men, a curious psychological phenomenon. "Half-devil and half-child" comes trippingly to the tongue of many Americans in the Philippines, and their philosophy of the Filipino is thus summed up for them before their study of him has ever begun. What is less creditable, the same stock theory and a few facts, more or less, constitute the equipment of various university economists and world problem specialists.

The writer can lay no claim to world specialism or globe trotting, but he has been more than anything else impressed with the feeling that, after all, the differences in the races of men are much fewer and less important than their points of resemblance. Great and sometimes amazing as are the former at times, they strike our notice first, while the impression that lingers with us is the unity of man.

More important than the theories, scientific or unscientific, are the practical political problems facing us, a nation to whose one long-standing and yet unsettled race problem have now been added others. The Atlantic's editor has al-

ready noted that one of the first results of our new venture in the oceans has been the complication of the negro question at home; so likewise our failures with the black people in the United States are often urged against us among the Filipinos, and "lynch law" is held before them by those who like us not. For the moment, it is no reproach to preach inequality, and more or less openly pity is expressed for the narrowness of the promulgators of the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson had no inkling of the evolutionary theory, it is true; neither had the laws of selection and survival been stated in Christ's time. But the divinely human love he inculcated and exemplified met with a real revival in the crusade for equality among men, and the true tenets of evolution have to-day no higher trend than this.

The fact is, the Declaration of Independence is acquiring with time a range of truth uncomprehended by its authors, and in ways incomprehensible to their times. While, on the one side, well-meaning Americans are sure that we are engaged in swashbuckler imperialism, our British critics, whom we have always with us, are equally confident of our failure through undue idealism. One of these has just finished cautioning us that we must not attempt any "Jeffersonian-ideals" foolishness in the Philippines, and advises us to pattern after the British in the Straits Settlements. The people of the latter are strictly comparable to the Moros, but not at all to the civilized Filipinos. In a book just published, another British writer, one of the few who have been on the ground and know what is really going on in the Philippines, has recognized that we are attempting there something new in the history of the world, and, despite a cocksureness as to the superiority of British methods that will crop out, has thought best to reserve judgment. But he is an exception; his fellow countrymen in the Orient are laughing in their sleeves at

the simple Americans who believe that self-government can exist in that atmosphere. Even to call into question the validity of the theory that some men are made to rule and some to obey is to jar most inconsiderately the complacency of those men who have landed on the ruling side.

The answer to the fearsome at home is that, when they doubt our doing justice in the Philippines, they themselves call into question government by the people. The answer to our outside critics can only be given by time. It surely is no sin to hope and believe that the Ori-

ent is not impermeable to progress ; and it surely is better to strive to that end until it is proved to be an impossible one, if it shall be so proved. As for our prejudices, may we not learn to shed them as we mingle more with the men of the world and think less of our cherished isolation ? For the way to a broader social vision and a truer and nobler Christianity — real humanity — lies through experience of our own limitations, hearing our shortcomings from the tongues of other peoples, acquiring charity in the stress of temptation, knowing our fellows on the earth.

*James A. Le Roy.*

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#### WALTER PATER.

LET us imagine to ourselves a boy born some ten years before the middle of the last century, of a family originally Dutch, a family with the home-loving, reserved temper of the Dutch, and that slow-moving mind of Holland which attaches itself so closely, so intimately to things real and concrete, not tempted away from its beloved interiors and limited prospects by any glories of mountain heights or wide-spreading and radiant horizons ; a family settled for long in the low-lying, slow-moving Olney of Buckinghamshire, — Cowper's Olney, which we see in the delicate vignettes of *The Task*, and in the delightful letters, skilled in making so much out of so little, of the half-playful, half-pathetic correspondent of John Newton and Lady Hesketh. Dutch, but of mingled strains in matters of religion, the sons, we are told, always, until the tradition was broken in the case of Walter Pater, brought up as Roman Catholics, the daughters as members of the Anglican communion. Walter Pater's father had moved to the neighborhood of London, and it was at Enfield, where Lamb, about whom the critic has

written with penetrating sympathy, Lamb and his sister Mary, had lately dwelt, that Pater spent his boyhood. "Not precocious," writes his friend of later years, Mr. Gosse, "he was always meditative and serious." Yes, we cannot think of him at any time as other than serious ; withdrawn from the boisterous sports of boyhood ; fed through little things by the sentiment of home, — that sentiment which was nourished in Marius at White Nights by the duteous observances of the religion of Numa ; in Gaston at the Château of Deux-Manoirs with its immemorial associations and its traditional Catholic pieties ; in Emerald Uthwart at Chase Lodge, with its perfumes of sweet peas, the neighboring fields so green and velvety, and the church where the ancient buried Uthwarts slept, that home to which Emerald came back to die, a broken man ; in Florian Deleal by "the old house," its old staircase, its old furniture, its shadowy angles, its swallow's nest below the sill, its brown and golden wall-flowers, its pear tree in springtime, and the scent of lime-flowers floating in at the open window.

And with this nesting sense of home there comes to the boy from neighboring London, from rumors of the outer world, from the face of some sad wayfarer on the road, an apprehension of the sorrow of the world, and the tears in mortal things, which disturbs him and must mingle henceforth with all his thoughts and dreams. He is recognized as "the clever one of the family," but it is not a vivacious cleverness, not a contentious power of intellect, rather a shy, brooding faculty, slow to break its sheath, and expand into a blossom, a faculty of gradual and exact receptiveness, and one of which the eye is the special organ. This, indeed, is a central fact to remember. If Pater is a seeker for truth, he must seek for it with the eye, and with the imagination penetrating its way through things visible; or if truth comes to him in any other way, he must project the truth into color and form, since otherwise it remains for him cold, loveless, and a tyranny of the intellect, like that which oppressed and almost crushed out of existence his Sebastian van Storck. We may turn elsewhere to read of "the conduct of the understanding." We learn much from Pater concerning the conduct of the eye. Whatever his religion may hereafter be, it cannot be that of Puritanism, which makes a breach between the visible and the invisible. It cannot be reached by purely intellectual processes; it cannot be embodied in a creed of dogmatic abstractions. The blessing which he may perhaps obtain can hardly be that of those who see not and yet have believed. The evidential value of a face made bright by some inner joy will count with him for more than any syllogism however correct in its premises and conclusions. A life made visibly gracious and comely will testify to him of some hidden truth more decisively than any supernatural witnessing known only by report. If he is impressed by any creed it will be by virtue of its living epistles, known and read of

all men. He will be occupied during his whole life with a study not of ideas apart from their concrete embodiment, not of things concrete apart from their inward significance, but with a study of expression, — expression as seen in the countenance of external nature, expression in Greek statue, mediæval cathedral, Renaissance altar-piece, expression in the ritual of various religions, and in the visible bearing of various types of manhood, in various exponents of tradition, of thought, and of faith.

His creed may partake somewhat of that natural or human catholicism of Wordsworth's poetry, which reveals the soul in things of sense, which is indeed, as Pater regards it, a kind of finer, spiritual sensuousness. But why stop where Wordsworth stopped in his earlier days? Why content ourselves with expression as seen in the face of hillside and cloud and stream, and the acts and words of simple men, through whom certain primitive elementary passions play? Why not also seek to discover the spirit in sense in its more complex and subtler incarnations, — in the arts and crafts, in the shaping of a vase, the lines and colors of a tapestry, the carving of a capital, the movements of a celebrant in the rites of religion, in a relief of Della Robbia, in a Venus of Botticelli, in the mysterious Gioconda of Lionardo? Setting aside the mere dross of circumstances in human life, why not vivify all amidst which we live and move by translating sense into spirit, and spirit into sense, thus rendering opaque things luminous, so that if no pure white light of truth can reach us, at least each step we tread may be impregnated with the stains and dyes of those colored morsels of glass, so deftly arranged, through which such light as we are able to endure has its access to our eyes?

If such thoughts as these lay in Pater's mind during early youth they lay unfolded and dormant. But we can hardly doubt that in the account of Emerald

Uthwart's schooldays he is interpreting with full-grown and self-conscious imagination his experiences as a schoolboy at Canterbury, where the cathedral was the presiding element of the *genius loci*: "If at home there had been nothing great, here, to boyish sense, one seems diminished to nothing at all, amid the grand waves, wave upon wave, of patiently wrought stone; the daring height, the daring severity, of the innumerable long, upward ruled lines, rigidly bent just at last in one place into the reserved grace of the perfect Gothic arch." Happy Emerald Uthwart in those early days, and happy Walter Pater with such noble, though as yet half-conscious, discipline in the conduct of the eye! If Pater thought of a profession, the military profession of his imagined Emerald would have been the last to commend itself to his feelings. His father was a physician, but science had no call for the son's intellect, and we can hardly imagine him as an enthusiastic student in the school of anatomy. He felt the attractions of the life and work of an English clergyman, and when a little boy, Mr. Gosse tells us, he had seen the benign face of Keble during a visit to Hursley, and had welcomed Keble's paternal counsel and encouragement. Had Pater lived some years longer it is quite possible that his early dream might have been realized, but Oxford, as things were, dissolved the dream of Canterbury.

Two influences stood over against each other in the Oxford of Pater's undergraduate days. There was the High Church movement, with which the name of the University has been associated. The spell of Newman's personal charm and the echoes of his voice in the pulpit of St. Mary's were not yet forgotten. The High Church movement had made the face of religion more outwardly attractive to such a spirit as Pater's; there had been a revival, half serious, half dilettante, of ecclesiastical art. But the High Church movement was essentially

dogmatic; the body of dogma had to some extent hardened into system, and Pater's mind was always prone to regard systems of thought — philosophical or theological — as works of art, to be examined and interpreted by the historical imagination; from which, when interpreted aright, something might be retained, perhaps, in a transposed form, but which could not be accepted and made one's own *en bloc*. On the other hand there was a stirring critical movement, opening new avenues for thought and imagination, promising a great enfranchisement of the intellect, and claiming possession of the future. Jowett was a nearer presence now at Oxford than Newman, and Pater had already come under the influence of German thinkers and had discovered in Goethe — greatest of critics — a master of the mind. Art, to which he had found access through the Modern Painters of an illustrious Oxford graduate, had passed beyond the bounds of the ecclesiastical revival, and, following a course like that of the mediæval drama, was rapidly secularizing itself. We see the process at work in the firm of which William Morris was the directing manager, at first so much occupied with church decoration, and by and by extending its operations to the domestic interiors of the wealthier lay-folk of England. Pater's dream of occupying an Anglo-Catholic pulpit reshaped itself into the dream of becoming an Unitarian minister, and by degrees it became evident that the only pulpit which he could occupy was that of the Essayist, who explores for truth, and ends his research not without a sense of insecurity in his own conclusions, or rather who concludes without a conclusion, and is content to be fruitful through manifold suggestions.

We can imagine that with a somewhat different composition of the forces within him Pater's career might have borne some resemblance to that of Henri Amiel, "in wandering mazes lost." But the



disputants in Amiel's nature were more numerous and could not be brought to a conciliation. One of them was forever reaching out toward the indefinite, which Amiel called the infinite, and the Maia of the Genevan Buddhist threw him back in the end upon a world of ennui. Pater was saved by a certain "intellectual astringency," by a passion for the concrete, and by the fact that he lived much in and through the eye. He had perhaps learnt from Goethe that true expansion lies in limitation, and he never appreciated as highly as did Amiel the poetry of fog. His boyish faith, such as it was, had lapsed away. How was he, to face life and make the best of it? Something at least could be gained by truth to himself, by utter integrity, by living, and that intensely, in his best self and in the highest moments of his best self, by detaching from his intellectual force, as he says of Winckelmann, all flaccid interests. If there was in him any tendency to mystic passion and religious reverie this was checked, as with his own Marius, by a certain virility of intellect, by a feeling of the poetic beauty of mere clearness of mind. Is nothing permanent? Are all things melting under our feet? Well, if it be so, we cannot alter the fact. But we need not therefore spend our few moments of life in listlessness. If all is passing away, let the knowledge of this be a stimulus toward intenser activity, let it excite within us the thirst for a full and perfect experience.

And remember that Pater's special gift, his unique power, lay in the eye and in the imagination using the eye as its organ. He could not disdain the things of sense, for there is a spirit in sense, and mind communes with mind through color and through form. He notes in Marcus Aurelius, the pattern of Stoical morality, who would stand above and apart from the world of the senses, not, after all, an attainment of the highest humanity, but a mediocrity, though a

mediocrity for once really golden. He writes of Pascal with adequate knowledge and with deep sympathy, but he qualifies his admiration for the great friend of Jansenism by observing that Pascal had little sense of the beauty even of holiness. In Pascal's "sombre, trenchant, precipitous philosophy," and his perverse asceticism, Pater finds evidence of a diseased spirit, a morbid tension like that of insomnia. Sebastian van Storck, with the warm life of a rich Dutch interior around him, and all the play of light and color in Dutch art to enrich his eye, turns away to seek some glacial Northwest passage to the lifeless, colorless Absolute. Spinoza appears to Pater not as a God-intoxicated man, but as climbing to the barren pinnacle of egoistic intellect. Such, at all events, could not possibly be his own way. There is something of the true wisdom of humility in modestly remembering that we are not pure intelligence, pure soul, and in accepting the aid of the senses. How reassuring Marius finds it to be, after assisting at a long debate about rival criteria of truth, "to fall back upon direct sensation, to limit one's aspiration after knowledge to that." To live intensely in the moment, "to burn with a gemlike flame," to maintain an ecstasy, is to live well, with the gain, at least for a moment, of wisdom and of joy. "America is here and now—here or nowhere," as Wilhelm Meister, and, after him, Marius the Epicurean discovered.

There is no hint in Pater's first volume of the fortifying thought which afterwards came to him, that some vast logic of change, some law or rhythm of evolution, may underlie all that is transitory, all the pulsations of passing moments, and may bind them together in some hidden harmony. Looking back on the period of what he calls a new Cyrenaicism, he saw a most depressing theory coming in contact, in his own case as in that of Marius, with a happy temperament,—happy though subject to

moods of deep depression, and he saw that by virtue of this happy temperament he had converted his loss into a certain gain. Assuredly he never regarded that view of life which is expressed in the Conclusion to *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* as mere hedonism, as a mere abandonment to the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life. No: looking back, he perceived that his aim was not pleasure, but fullness and vividness of life, a perfection of being, an intense and, as far as may be, a complete experience; that this was not to be attained without a discipline, involving some severity; that it demanded a strenuous effort; that here, too, the loins must be girt and the lamp lit; that for success in his endeavor he needed before all else true insight, and that insight will not come by any easy way, or, as we say, by a royal road; that on the contrary it must be sought by a culture, which may be, and ought to be, joyous, but which certainly must be strict. The precept "Be perfect in regard to what is here and now" is one which may be interpreted, as he conceived it, into lofty meanings. A conduct of the intellect in accordance with this precept, in its rejection of many things which bring with them facile pleasures, may in a certain sense be called a form of asceticism. The eye itself must be purified from all grossness and dullness. "Such a manner of life," writes Pater of the new Cyrenaicism of his Marius, "might itself even come to seem a kind of religion. . . . The true 'æsthetic culture' would be realizable as a new form of the 'contemplative life,' founding its claim on the essential 'blessedness' of 'vision,' — the vision of perfect men and things." At the lowest it is an impassioned ideal life.

Such is Pater's own *apologia pro vita sua* — that is, for life during his earlier years of authorship — as given in Marius the Epicurean. But the best *apologia* is, indeed, the outcome of that life,

the volume of *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, and later essays, which are essentially one with these in kind. The richness of color and delicacy of carving in some of Pater's work have concealed from many readers its intellectual severity, its strictness of design, its essential veracity. A statue that is chryselephantine may be supposed to be less intellectual than the same statue if it were worked in marble; yet more of sheer brainwork perhaps is required for the design which has to calculate effects of color. There are passages in Pater's writing which may be called, if you like, decorative, but the decoration is never incoherent ornament of *papier maché* laid on from without; it is, on the contrary, a genuine outgrowth of structure, always bringing into relief the central idea.

This central idea he arrives at only through the process of a steadfast and strenuous receptiveness, which has in it something of the nature of fortitude. Occasionally he gives it an express definition, naming it, not perhaps quite happily, the *formula* of the artist or author who is the subject of his study. Thus, the formula of Raphael's genius, if we must have one, is this: "The transformation of meek scholarship into genius — triumphant power of genius." The essay on Raphael is accordingly the record of a series of educations, from which at last emerge works showing a synoptic intellectual power, and large theoretic conceptions, but these are seen to act in perfect unison with the pictorial imagination and a magic power of the hand. The formula, to turn from pictorial art to literature, of Prosper Mérimée, who met the disillusion of the post-Revolution period by irony, is this: "The enthusiastic amateur of rude, crude, naked force in men and women wherever it could be found; himself carrying ever, as a mask, the conventional attire of the modern world — carrying it with an infinite contemptuous grace, as if that too were an

all-sufficient end in itself." Nothing could be more triumphantly exact and complete than Pater's brief formula of *Mérimée*. But perhaps his method is nowhere more convincingly shown than in the companion studies of two French churches, *Notre Dame of Amiens*, pre-eminently the church of a city, of a commune, and the *Madeleine of Vézelay*, which is typically the church of a monastery. Here the critic does not for a moment lose himself in details; in each case he holds, as it were, the key of the situation; he has grasped the central idea of each structure; and then with the aid of something like creative imagination, he assists the idea — the vital germ — to expand itself and grow before us into leaf and tendril and blossom.

In such studies as these we perceive that the eye is itself an intellectual, a spiritual power, or at least the organ and instrument of such a power. And this imaginative criticism is in truth constructive. But the creative work of imagination rises from a basis of adequate knowledge and exact perception. To see precisely what a thing is, — what, before all else, it is to *me*; to feel with entire accuracy its unique quality; to find the absolutely right word in which to express the perception and the feeling, — this indeed taxes the athletics of the mind. Sometimes, while still essentially a critic, Pater's power of construction and reconstruction takes the form of a highly intellectual fantasy. Thus *A Study of Dionysus* reads like a fantasia suggested by the life of the vine and the "spirit of sense" in the grape; yet the fantasia is in truth the tracing out, by a learned sympathy, of strange or beautiful sequences of feeling or imagination in the Greek mind. In *Denys l'Auxerrois* and *Apollo in Picardy*, which should be placed side by side as companion pieces, the fancy takes a freer range. They may be described as transpositions of the classical into the romantic. *Apollo* — now for mediæval con-

temporaries bearing the ill-omened name *Apollyon* — appears in a monkish frock and wears the tonsure; yet he remains a true *Apollo*, but of the Middle Age, and, in a passage of singular romance, even does to death the mediæval *Hýacinthus*. *Denys*, that strange flaxen and flowery creature, the organ-builder of Auxerre, has all the mystic power and ecstatic rage of *Dionysus*. Are these two elder brothers of Goethe's *Euphorion*, earlier-born children of *Faust* and *Helena*?

Even these fantasies are not without an intellectual basis. For Pater recognizes in classical art and classical literature a considerable element of romance — strangeness allied with beauty; and to refashion the myths of *Dionysus* and even of *Apollo* in the romantic spirit is an experiment in which there is more than mere fantasy. Very justly and admirably he protests in writing of Greek sculpture against a too intellectual or abstract view of classical art. Here also were color and warmth and strange ventures of imaginative faith, and fears and hopes and ecstasies, which we are apt to forget in the motionless shadow or pallid light of our cold museums. Living himself at a time, as we say, of "transition," when new and old ideas were in conflict, and little interested in any form of action except that of thought and feeling, he came to take a special interest in the contention and also in the conciliation of rival ideals. Hence the period of the Renaissance — from the auroral Renaissance within the Middle Age to the days of Ronsard and Montaigne, with its new refinements of mediævalism, — seen, for example, in the poetry of the *Pleiad*, — its revival in an altered form of the classical temper, and the invasions of what may be summed up under the name of "the modern spirit" — had a peculiar attraction for him. His *Gaston de Latour*, as far as he is known to us through what is unhappily a fragment, seems

almost created for no other purpose than to be a subject for the play of contending influences. The old pieties of the Middle Age survive within him, leaving a deep and abiding deposit in his spirit; but he is caught by the new grace and delicate magic of Ronsard's verse, of Ronsard's personality; he is exposed to all the enriching, and yet perhaps disintegrating forces of Montaigne's undulant philosophy, — the philosophy of the relative; and he is prepared to be lifted — lifted, shall we say, or lowered? — from his state of suspended judgment by the ardent genius of that new knight of the Holy Ghost, Giordano Bruno, with his glowing exposition of the Lower Pantheism.

His Marius, again, cannot rest in the religion of Numa, which was the presiding influence of his boyhood. His Cyrenaicism is confronted by the doctrine of the Stoics, — sad, gray, depressing, though presented with all possible amiability in the person of Marcus Aurelius. And in the Christian house of Cecilia, and among the shadowy catacombs of Rome, his eyes are touched by the radiance of a newer light, which thrills him with the sense of an unapprehended joy, a heroic — perhaps a divine — hope. In the eighteenth century Pater's Watteau, creating a new and delicate charm for the society of his own day, is yet ill at ease, half detached from that society, and even — saddening experience! — half detached from his own art, for he dreams, unlike his age, of a better world than the actual one; and by an anachronism which is hardly pardonable (for it confuses the chronology of eighteenth-century moods of mind) the faithful and tender diarist of Valenciennes, whose more than sisterly interest in young Antoine has left us this Watteau myth, becomes acquainted — and through Antoine himself — with the Manon Lescaut of many years later, in which the ardent passion of the period of Rousseau is anticipated. And,

again, in that other myth of the eighteenth century, Duke Carl of Rosenmold, — myth of a half-rococo Apollo, — the old stiff mediævalism of German courts and the elegant *fadeurs* of French pseudo-classicism are exhibited in revelation to a throng of fresher influences, — the classical revival of which Winckelmann was the apostle, the revival of the Middle Age as a new and living force, the artistic patriotism which Lessing preached, the "return to nature" of which a little later the young Goethe — he, a true Apollo — was the herald, and that enfranchisement of passion and desire, which, now when Rousseau is somewhere in the world, brooding, kindling, about to burst into flame, seems no anachronism.

I cannot entirely go along with that enthusiastic admirer who declared — surely not without a smile of ironic intelligence — that the trumpet of doom ought to have sounded when the last page of Studies in the History of the Renaissance was completed. Several copies of the golden book in its first edition, containing the famous Conclusion, would probably have perished in the general conflagration; and Pater was averse to noise. But a memorable volume it is, and one which testifies to the virtue of a happy temperament even when in the presence of a depressing philosophy. Too much attention has been centred on that Conclusion; it has been taken by many persons as if it were Pater's ultimate confession of faith, whereas, in truth, the Conclusion was a prologue. Pater's early years had made a home for his spirit among Christian pieties and the old moralities. When Florian Deleal, quitting for the first time the house of his childhood, runs back to fetch the forgotten pet bird, and sees the warm familiar rooms "lying so pale, with a look of meekness in their denudation," a clinging to the cherished home comes over him. And had Pater in his haughty philosophy of manhood

in like manner dismantled and desecrated the little white room of his early faith? The very question seemed to carry with it something of remorse; but Pater's integrity of mind, his intellectual virility, could not permit itself to melt in sentiment. In the essay on Aucassin and Nicolette, he had spoken of the rebellious antinomian spirit connected with the outbreak of the reason and imagination, with the assertion of the liberty of heart, in the Middle Age. "The perfection of culture," he knew, "is not rebellion, but peace;" yet on the way to that end, he thought, there is room for a noble antinomianism. Now, like his own Marius, he began to think that in such antinomianism there might be a taint, he began to question whether it might not be possible somehow to adjust his new intellectual scheme of things to the old morality. His culture had brought with it a certain sense of isolation, like that of a spectator detached from the movement of life and the great community of men. His Cyrenaic theory was one in keeping with the proud individualism of youth. From the Stoic Fronto his Marius hears of an august community, to which each of us may perchance belong, "humanity, an universal order, the great polity, its aristocracy of elect spirits, the mastery of their example over their successors." But where are these elect spirits? Where is this comely order? The Cyrenaic lover of beauty begins to feel that his conception of beauty has been too narrow, too exclusive; not positively unsound perhaps, for it enjoined the practice of an ideal temperance, and involved a seriousness of spirit almost religious, so that, as Marius reflects, "the saint and the Cyrenaic lover of beauty would at least understand each other better than either would understand the mere man of the world." His pursuit of perfection was surely not in itself illegitimate, but by its exclusiveness of a more complete ideal of perfection it might al-

most partake of the nature of a heresy. Without rejecting his own scheme of life, might it not be possible to adjust it to the old morality as a part to a whole? Viewed even from a purely egoistic standpoint had not such attainments as were his — and the attainments were unquestionably precious — been secured at a great sacrifice? Was it a true economy to forfeit perhaps a greater gain for the less? The Stoical ideal, which casts scorn upon the body, and that visible beauty in things which for Marius was indeed a portion of truth, as well as beauty, he must needs reject. But might there not be a divination of something real, an imperfect vision of a veritable possibility in the Stoical conception of an ordered society of men, a Celestial City, *Uranopolis*, *Callipolis*? And what if the belief of Marcus Aurelius in the presence of a divine companion, a secret Providence behind the veil, contained some elevating truth? What if the isolated seeker for a narrow perfection could attach himself to some venerable system of sentiment and ideas, and so "let in a great tide of experience, and make, as it were, with a single step, a great experience of his own; with a great consequent increase to his own mind, of color, variety, and relief, in the spectacle of men and things"?

There are two passages of rare spiritual beauty in Marius the Epicurean: one is that which tells of Marius wandering forth with such thoughts as these — keeping all these things in his heart — to one of his favorite spots in the Alban or the Sabine hills; the other is the description of the sacred, memorial celebration in the Christian house of Cecilia. After a night of perfect sleep Marius awakes in the morning sunlight, with almost the joyful waking of childhood. As he rides toward the hills his mood is, like the season's, one of flawless serenity; a sense of gratitude — gratitude to what? — fills his heart, and must over-

flow ; he leans, as it were, toward that eternal, invisible Companion of whom the Stoic philosopher and emperor spoke. Might he not, he reflects, throw in the election of his will, though never faltering from the truth, on the side of his best thought, his best feeling, and perhaps receive in due course the justification, the confirmation of this venture of faith ? What if the eternal companion were really by his side ? What if his own spirit were but a moment, a pulse, in some great stream of spiritual energy ? What if this fair material universe were but a creation, a projection into sense of the perpetual mind ? What if the new city, let down from heaven, were also a reality included in the process of that divine intelligence ? Less through any sequence of argument than by a discovery of the spirit in sense, or rather of the imaginative reason, Marius seems to live and move in the presence of the Great Ideal, the Eternal Reason, nay, the Father of men. A larger conception assuredly of the reasonable Ideal than that of his Cyrenaic days has dawned for him, every trace or note of which it shall henceforth be his business to gather up. *Paratum cor meum, Deus ! paratum cor meum !*

It is a criticism of little insight which represents Marius as subordinating truth to any form of ease or comfort or spiritual self-indulgence ; an erroneous criticism which represents him as only extending a refined hedonism so as to include within it new pleasures of the moral sense or the religious temper. For Marius had never made pleasure his aim and end ; his aim and end had been always perfection, but now he perceives that his ideal of perfection had been incomplete and inadequate. He discovers the larger truth, and the lesser falls into its due place. His experiences among the Sabine hills, which remind one of certain passages in Wordsworth's *Excursion*, may have little evidential value for any other mind than his own ; even

for himself they could hardly recur in like manner ever again. But that such phenomena — however we may interpret their significance — are real cannot be doubted by any disinterested student of human nature. What came to Marius was not a train of argument, but what we may call a revelation ; it came as the last and culminating development, under favoring external conditions, of many obscure processes of thought and feeling. The seed had thrust up its stalk, which then had struggled through the soil ; and at last sunlight touches the folded blossom, which opens to become a flower of light.

Marius had already seen in Cornelius the exemplar of a new knighthood, which he can but imperfectly understand. Entirely virile, Cornelius is yet governed by some strange hidden rule which obliges him to turn away from many things that are commonly regarded as the rights of manhood ; he has a blitheness, which seems precisely the reverse of the temper of the Emperor, and yet some veiled severity underlies, perhaps supports, this blitheness. And in the gathering at Cecilia's house, where the company — and among them, children — are singing, Marius recognizes the same glad expansion of a joyful soul, "in people upon whom some all-subduing experience had wrought heroically." A grave discretion ; an intelligent seriousness about life ; an exquisite courtesy ; all chaste affections of the family, and these under the most natural conditions ; a temperate beauty, all are here ; the human body, which had been degraded by Pagan voluptuousness and dishonored by Stoic asceticism, is here revered as something sacred, or as something sanctified ; and death itself is made beautiful through a new hope. Charity here is not painfully calculated, but joyous and chivalrous in its devotion ; peaceful labor is rehabilitated and illumined with some new light. A higher ideal than Marius had ever known before — higher and glad-

der — is operative here, ideal of woman, of the family, of industry, including all of life and death. And its effects are visible, addressing themselves even to the organ of sight, which with Marius is the special avenue for truth; so that he has only to read backward from effects to causes in order to be assured that some truth of higher import and finer efficacy than any previously known to him must be working among the forces which have created this new beauty. What if this be the company of elect souls dreamed of by the rhetorician Fronto? And with the tenderest charity in this company of men and women a heroic fortitude — the fortitude of the martyrs, like those of Lyons — is united. What if here be Uranopolis, Callipolis, the City let down from heaven? For Marius in the house of Cecilia the argument is irrefragable — rather the experience is convincing. Possibly in the light of a more extended survey of history new doubts and questions may arise; but these were days of purity and of love, the days of the minor peace of the church.

Yet even in the end Marius is brought only to his Pishah, — the mount of vision. He does not actually set foot within the promised land. Even that act of surrender, by which Cornelius is delivered and Marius goes to his death, is less an act of divine self-sacrifice than the result of an impulse, half careless, half generous, of comradeship. His spirit — *anima naturaliter Christiana* — departs less in assured hope than with the humble consolation of memory — *tristem neminem fecit*; he had at least not added any pang to the total sum of the world's pain.

And although the creator of Marius had arrived, by ways very different from those of Pascal, at some of Pascal's conclusions, and had expressed these with decisiveness in a review of Amiel's Journal, we cannot but remember that essentially his mind belonged to the same order as the mind of Montaigne rather

than to the order of the mind of Pascal. We can imagine Pater, had he lived longer, asking himself, as part of that endless dialogue with self which constituted his life, whether the deepest community with his fellows could not be attained by a profound individuality without attaching himself to institutions. Whether, for example, the fact of holding a fellowship at Brasenose, or the fact of knowing Greek well, bound him the more intimately to the society of Greek scholars. We can imagine him questioning whether other truths might not be added to those truths which made radiant the faces in Cecilia's house. Whether even those same truths might not, in a later age, be capable of, might not even require, a different conception, and a largely altered expression.

While in the ways indicated in Marius the Epicurean Pater was departing from that doctrine of the perpetual flux, — with ideals of conduct corresponding to that doctrine, — or was at least subordinating this to a larger, really a more liberal view of things, his mind was also tending, and now partly under the influence of Plato, away from the brilliantly colored, versatile, centrifugal Ionian temper of his earlier days toward the simpler, graver, more strictly ordered, more athletic Dorian spirit.

Plato and Platonism, in noticing which I shall sometimes use Pater's own words, is distinguished less by color than by a pervasive light. The demand on a reader's attention is great, but the demand is not so much from sentence to sentence as from chapter to chapter. If we may speak of the evolution or development of a theme by literary art, such evolution in this book is perhaps its highest merit. No attempt is made to fix a dogmatic creed, or to piece together an artificial unity of tessellated opinions. Philosophies are viewed very much as works of art, and the historical method is adopted, which endeavors to determine the conditions that render each

philosophy, each work of art, and especially this particular work of art, the Platonic philosophy, possible. And there is something of autobiography, for those who can discern it, below the surface of the successive discussions of ideas, which yet are often seemingly remote from modern thought.

The doctrine of the Many, of the perpetual flux of things, which was so consonant to the mobile Ionian temper, is set over against the doctrine of the One, for which all that is phenomenal becomes null, and the sole reality is pure Being, colorless, formless, impalpable. It was Plato's work to break up the formless unity of the philosophy of the One into something multiple, and yet not transitory, — the starry Platonic ideas, Justice, Temperance, Beauty, and their kindred luminaries of the intellectual heaven. Platonism in one sense is a witness for the unseen; the transcendental. Yet, austere as he sometimes appears, who can doubt that Plato's austerity, his temperance is attained only by the control of a richly sensuous nature? Before all else he was a lover; and now that he had come to love invisible things more than visible, the invisible things must be made, as it were, visible persons, capable of engaging his affections. The paradox is true that he had a sort of sensuous love of the unseen. And in setting forth his thoughts, he is not a dogmatist but essentially an essayist, — a questioning explorer for truth, who refines and idealizes the manner of his master Socrates, and who, without the oscillating philosophy of Montaigne, anticipates something of Montaigne's method as a seeker for the knowledge of things.

At this point in Pater's long essay, a delightful turn is given to his treatment of the subject by that remarkable and characteristic chapter in which he attempts to revive for the eye, as well as for the mind, the life of old Lacedæmon — Lacedæmon, the highest con-

crete embodiment of that Dorian temper of Greece, that Dorian temper of which his own ideal Republic would have been a yet more complete development. Those conservative Lacedæmonians, "the people of memory preëminently," are made to live and move before us by creative imagination working among the records, too scanty, of historical research. There in hollow Laconia, a land of organized slavery under central military authority, the genius of conservatism was enthroned. The old bore sway; the young were under strict, but not unjoyous discipline. Every one, at every moment, must strive to be at his best, with all superfluities pruned away. "It was a type of the Dorian purpose in life — a sternness, like sea-water infused into wine, overtaking a matter naturally rich, at the moment when fullness may lose its savor and expression." There in clear air, on the bank of a mountain torrent, stands Lacedæmon; by no means a "growing" place, rather a solemn, ancient mountain village, with its sheltering plane trees, and its playing-fields for youthful athletes, all under discipline, who when robed might almost have seemed a company of young monks. A city not without many venerable and beautiful buildings, civic and religious, in a grave hieratic order of architecture, while its private abodes were simple and even rude. The whole of life is evidently conceived as matter of attention, patience, fidelity to detail, like that of good soldiers or musicians. The Helots, who pursue their trades and crafts from generation to generation in a kind of guild, may be indulged in some illiberal pleasures of abundant food and sleep; but it is the mark of aristocracy to endure hardness. And from these half-military, half-monastic modes of life are born the most beautiful of all people in Greece, in the world. Everywhere one is conscious of reserved power, and the beauty of strength restrained, — a male



beauty, far remote from feminine tenderness. Silent these men can be, or, if need arise, can speak to the point, and with brevity. With them to read is almost a superfluity, for whatever is essential has become a part of memory, and is made actual in habit; but such culture in fact has the power to develop a vigorous imagination. Their music has in it a high moral stimulus; their dance is not mere form, but full of subject; they dance a theme, and that with absolute correctness, a dance full of delight, yet with something of the character of a liturgical service, something of a military inspection. And these half-monastic people are also — as monks may be — a very cheerful people, devoted to a religion of sanity, worshipers of Apollo, sanest of the national gods; strong in manly comradeship, of which those youthful demigods, the Dioscuri, are the patrons. Why all this strenuous task-work day after day? An intelligent young Spartan might reply, "To the end that I myself may be a perfect work of art."

It is this Dorian spirit which inspires the Republic of Plato. He would, if possible, arrest the disintegration of Athenian society, or at least protest against the principle of flamboyancy in things and thoughts, — protest against the fluxional, centrifugal, Ionian element in the Hellenic character. He conceives the State as one of those disciplined Spartan dancers, or as a well-knit athlete; he desires not that it shall be gay, or rich, or populous, but that it shall be strong, an organic unity, entirely self-harmonious, each individual occupying his exact place in the system; and the State being thus harmoniously strong, it will also be of extreme æsthetic beauty, — the beauty of a unity or harmony enforced on highly disparate ele-

ments, unity as of an army or an order of monks, unity as of liturgical music.

It could hardly happen that Pater's last word in this long study should be on any other subject than art. It is no false fragment of traditional Platonism which insists on the close connection between the æsthetic qualities of things and the formation of moral character; on the building of character through the eye and ear. And this ethical influence of art resides even more in the form — its concision, simplicity, rhythm — than in the matter. In the ideal Republic the simplification of human nature is the chief affair; therefore art must be simple and even austere. The community will be fervently æsthetic, but withal fervent renunciants as well, and, in the true sense of the word *ascetic*, will be fervently ascetic. "The proper art of the Perfect City is in fact the art of discipline." In art, in its narrower meaning, in literature, what the writer of the Republic would most desire is that quality which solicits an effort from the reader or spectator, "who is promised a great expressiveness on the part of the writer, the artist, if he for his part will bring with him a great attentiveness." Temperance superinduced on a nature originally rich and impassioned, — this is the supreme beauty of the Dorian art. Plato's own prose is, indeed, a practical illustration of the value of intellectual astringency. He is before all else a lover, and infinite patience, quite as much as fire, is the mood of all true lovers. It is, indeed, this infinite patience of a lover which in large measure gives to Pater's own studies of art and literature their peculiar value. The bee, that has gone down the long neck of a blossom, is not more patient in collecting his drop of honey.

Edward Dowden.

## BALM.

AFTER the heat the dew,  
                     and the tender touch of twilight;  
 The unfolding of the few  
                     Calm stars.  
 After the heat the dew.

After the Sun the shade,  
                     and beatitude of shadow;  
 Dim aisles for memory made,  
                     And thought.  
 After the Sun the shade.

After all there is balm;  
                     from the wings of dark there is wafture  
 Of sleep, — night's infinite psalm, —  
                     And dreams.  
 After all there is balm.

*Virginia Woodward Cloud.*

## ON READING BOOKS THROUGH THEIR BACKS.

## I.

I HAVE a way every two or three days or so, of an afternoon, of going down to our library, sliding into the little gate by the shelves, and taking a long empty walk there. I have found that nothing quite takes the place of it for me, — wandering up and down the aisles of my ignorance, letting myself be loomed at, staring doggedly back. I always feel when I go out the great door as if I had won a victory. I have at least faced the facts. I swing off to my tramp on the hills where is the sense of space, as if I had faced the Bully of the World, the whole assembled world, in his own den, and he had given me a license to live.

Of course it only lasts a little while. One soon feels a library nowadays pulling on him. One has to go back and do it all over again, but for the time being

it affords infinite relief. It sets one in right relations to the universe, to the Original Plan of Things. One suspects that if God had originally intended that men on this planet should be crowded off by books on it, it would not have been put off to the twentieth century.

I was saying something of this sort to the Presiding Genius of the State of Massachusetts the other day, and when I was through he said promptly, "The way a man feels in a library (if any one can get him to tell it) lets out more about a man than anything else in the world."

It did not seem best to make a reply to this. I did n't think it would do either of us any good.

Finally, in spite of myself, I spoke up and allowed that I felt as intelligent in a library as anybody.

He did not say anything.

When I asked him what he thought

being intelligent in a library was, he took the general ground that it consisted in always knowing what one was about there, in knowing exactly what one wanted.

I replied that I did not think that that was a very intelligent state of mind to be in, in a library.

Then I waited while he told me (fifteen minutes) what an intelligent mind was anywhere (nearly everywhere, it seemed to me). But I did not wait in vain, and at last when he had come around to it, and had asked me what I thought the feeling of intelligence consisted in, in libraries, I said it consisted in being pulled on by the books.

I said quite a little after this, and of course the general run of my argument was that I was rather intelligent myself. The P. G. S. of M. had little to say to this, and after he had said how intelligent he was awhile, the conversation was dropped.

The question that concerns me is, what shall a man do, how shall he act, when he finds himself in the hush of a great library, — opens the door upon it, stands and waits in the midst of it, with his poor outstretched soul all by himself before it, — and feels the books pulling on him? I always feel as if it were a sort of infinite Cross Roads. The last thing I want to know in a library is exactly what I want there. I am tired of knowing what I want. I am always knowing what I want. I can know what I want almost anywhere. If there is a place left on God's earth where a modern man can go and go regularly and not know what he wants awhile, in Heaven's name why not let him hold on to it? I am as fond as the next man, I think, of knowing what I am about, but when I find myself ushered into a great library I do not know what I am about any sooner than I can help. I shall know soon enough — God forgive me! When it is given to a man to stand in the As-

sembly Room of Nations, to feel the ages, all the ages, gathering around him, flowing past his life, to listen to the immortal stir of Thought, to the doings of The Dead, why should a man interrupt — interrupt a whole world — to know what he is about? I stand at the junction of all Time and Space. I am the three tenses. I read the newspaper of the universe.

It fades away after a little, I know. I go to the card catalogue like a lamb to the slaughter, poke my head into Knowledge — somewhere — and am lost, but the light of it on the spirit does not fade away. It leaves a glow there. It plays on the pages afterward.

There is a certain fine excitement about taking a library in this fashion, a sense of spaciousness of joy in it, which one is almost always sure to miss in libraries — most libraries — by staying in them. The only way one can get any real good out of a modern library seems to be by going away in the nick of time. If one stays there is no help for it. One is soon standing before the card catalogue sorting one's wits out in it, filing them away, and the sense of boundlessness both in one's self and everybody else — the thing a library is for — is fenced off forever.

At least it seems fenced off forever. One sees the universe barred and patterned off with a kind of grating before it. It is a card catalogue universe.

I can only speak for one, but I must say, for myself, that as compared with this feeling one has in the door, this feeling of standing over a library — mere reading in it, sitting down and letting one's self be tucked into a single book in it — is a humiliating experience.

## II.

I am not unaware that this will seem to some — this empty doting on infinity, this standing and staring at All-knowledge — a mere dizzying exercise, whirling one's head round and round in Nothing, for Nothing. And I am not un-

ware that it would be unbecoming in me or in any other man to feel superior to a card catalogue.

A card catalogue, of course, as a device for making a kind of tunnel for one's mind in a library — for working one's way through it — is useful and necessary to all of us. Certainly, if a man insists on having infinity in a convenient form — infinity in a box — it would be hard to find anything better to have it in than a card catalogue.

But there are times when one does not want infinity in a box. He loses the best part of it that way. He prefers it in its natural state. All that I am contending for is, that when these times come, the times when a man likes to feel infinite knowledge crowding round him, — feel it through the backs of unopened books, and likes to stand still and think about it, worship with the thought of it, — he ought to be allowed to do so. It

is true that there is no sign up against it (against thinking in libraries). But there might as well be. It amounts to the same thing. No one is expected to. People are expected to keep up an appearance, at least, of doing something else there. I do not dare to hope that the next time I am caught standing and staring in a library, with a kind of blank, happy look, I shall not be considered by all my kind intellectually disreputable for it. I admit that it does not look intelligent — this standing by a door and taking in a sweep of books — this reading a whole library at once. I can imagine how it looks. It looks like listening to a kind of cloth and paper chorus — foolish enough, but if I go out of the door to the hills again, refreshed for them and lifted up to them, with the strength of the ages in my limbs, great voices all around me, flocking on my solitary walk — who shall gainsay me?

*Gerald Stanley Lee.*

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## BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

### LANDOR'S POETRY.

It is not easy to admit a great liking for Landor without ranging one's self with the Landorians, however desirous one may be to avoid the special pleading of a sectarian for the god of his fancy. And indeed our natural sympathy for the under-god may readily put us in the way of conversion to the right Landorian sect, or to any other. We begin by sticking up for somebody, and end by falling fairly under his spell, or under the spell which our assiduity has woven about him. We are aware that no greatness needs sticking up for, that in the end it must get what it deserves. But in the meantime we may say what we can in the interest of our friends; for Landor, certainly, the end is not yet.

The existence of his poetry is suspected by many persons who have a nodding acquaintance with the gilt backs of his *Imaginary Conversations*: in some such way the case still stands against the reading public, even perhaps against the minor part of it which may not more properly be called the buying and borrowing public. In prose he has at least won the success of esteem, — the sort of success which is often in itself enough to keep one from being really read much. An invisible but real barrier rises like an exhalation between the common human being and the possessor of that mysterious quality, "style." If we could only forget that Burke and Landor and De Quincey had style, we might find